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THE WAR SONG OF BLEDDYN*.

Sons of chiefs, whose forms repose,
 Where the cloud its shadow throws
 Over Snowdon's craggy height,
 Rise, and nerve ye for the fight!
 Hark ! his wing the raven flutters,
 Ominous the sounds he utters,
 Sounds of death unto our foes,
 Ere another day shall close.

Sons of chiefs, arise, behold
 Yonder banner's massy fold,
 Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,
 To the dust inglorious hurl it.
 Down upon their columns sweep,
 As the whirlwind on the deep,
 When its all-destroying breath
 Lays the mighty low in death.

By the wrongs, that ye have felt,
 Deeply let the blow be dealt,
 That the Saxon host may know,
 They have met no common foe :
 Rising morn shall view the raven
 Tear the brest of every craven ;
 But the brave shall win their right :
 Sons of chiefs, advance to fight.

S. R. J.

CAMBRIAN MELODY.

WHERE the long grass waves its head
 Are the valiant lying :
 There its dew the cloud doth shed,
 There the breeze is sighing.

* These stanzas, and the following "Melody," come, it will be seen, from the same pen, and are highly creditable to the poetical talent, that has produced them. The writer is now employed on a long poem, founded on an event in the history of Wales, and which it is his intention to publish, provided there should be a prospect of sufficient encouragement : and, should the whole prove equal to the specimen of it which the Editor has seen, it will richly merit the general patronage of the Principality—Ed.